

OGDEN, UTAH, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916.

# Murder Will Out!

**M**URDER will out! How many use this expression daily without thinking what it means? It is applied to trivial matters in an indefinite way. Yet police and detectives the world over are unanimous in declaring that it is true, also they believe that in nine cases out of ten the murderer will be caught.

Archives of the various police departments of the United States show that in almost every instance "murder will out." It may take a day, a month, a year, or a decade, but eventually some loophole left by the murderer will be found and a case which had herebefore been a mystery, apparently without hope of solution, will become simple.

No matter how carefully the slayer has covered his trail, no matter how immune he imagines himself from capture, the police say somewhere he has left a clew which, when found, will lead to his capture.

Police records of metropolitan cities teem with murders and some of them are unsolved, but from a police viewpoint, this is due to the fact that the loophole left by the slayer has not been discovered, but will be some day. Personal records show this anticipation is well founded, for by far a majority of the crimes have been solved, and solved at a time when solution seemed almost impossible.

Records also show that in many instances the merest trifles have led to the capture of murderers and sent them to the Penitentiary, electric chair and gallows. A letter, a gnarled root of a tree, an effort to hide a trivial pawn, a pair of shoes, initials on a pillow slip, a hypothetical solution by a noted author, all trifles in their way, were the means of unravelling some of the most noted murder mysteries the world has ever known.

The entire Middle West, from the Mississippi River states to the Rocky Mountains, is being searched, at this writing, May 6, for that small clew.

Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma especially are asking:

What strange turn in the cards of fate will place Ora and Frank Lewis, the bandit slayers of Patrolman William A. Dillon and Motor Cycle Officer John E. McKenna in St. Louis, into the hands of justice?

Several weeks have passed since Ora shot and killed McKenna in the oil-filling station at Whittier street and Delmar boulevard, and an hour later assisted in beating Patrolman Dillon to death in the garage in the rear of the Lewis home on Athlone avenue, and yet, at this time of writing, there is no tidings as to the whereabouts of the fugitives.

They disappeared as completely as though swallowed up by the earth. Since they abandoned the murder auto on the lonely country road, after burying the body of Dillon, all trace of them has been lost.

Ask the average civilian and he will say there is no chance of capturing the slayers. Ask any policeman or detective and he will declare most emphatically they cannot get away.

Fate has already played a large part in the career of the Lewis brothers. First came the mysterious woman's voice over the telephone directing the officers to a store to "get information concerning the man who killed McKenna." This resulted in the arrest of Roy Lewis, who admits his connection with the murders of McKenna and Dillon, and names his two brothers as principals in both crimes. Then came the two boys, who witnessed a part of the death struggle in which Dillon engaged with the bandits, and furnished the police with the first definite information of the time and place Dillon was slain.

Up to the time the officers searched the Lewis home there was no description of any of the boys. The stepfather, however, followed the trade of an itinerant photographer. In his idle moments he had taken pictures of the various members of the family. Police found a half dozen poses of the missing boys, and it was these photographs which enabled the police to send broadcast thousands of circulars bearing pictures of the fugitives.

The only question in the minds of the police is where they be found. Rovers since youth, the Lewis brothers are equally at home in Kansas or Illinois, where they spent portions of their childhood, and have since made the trade of an itinerant photographer. In his idle moments he had taken pictures of the various members of the family. Police found a half dozen poses of the missing boys, and it was these photographs which enabled the police to send broadcast thousands of circulars bearing pictures of the fugitives.

One of the most notable cases solved through a trifle was the famous "Lamp Black Swamp" mystery, which held New York and New Jersey police in throes of excitement for several days, some six or eight years ago.

A laborer en route to work one cold winter morning found the body of a nude woman, the back of her head crushed, fringed in by thin ice which had formed over night in the Lamp Black Swamp, near Harrison, N. J. The swamp derived its name from a factory on its banks which pumped its black waste into the swamp. A hundred yards below the body the woman's clothing was found. The garments were wrapped in a neat bundle and weighted down with a stone.

The suit was tailor made and braided. With this braid as a clew, police and reporters started out in quest of the identity of the murdered woman. The man who designed the braid was found in twenty-four hours, and through him the manufacturer of the coat. It was then traced to the store, thence to the

but the police were determined Maxwell should be brought to justice and a cablegram costing \$442.50 was sent to the American consul at Auckland asking the arrest at Auckland of Maxwell. For many years this cablegram stood at the head of the most costly ever sent, but in these days of frenzied finance it has dropped back.

The ship was boarded in the Auckland Harbor by the consul and the properly constituted authorities. D'Augier, as Maxwell was known on the ship, denied strenuously that he was Maxwell. Unfortunately for him, however, he removed his hat during the party and the quick eyes of the consul saw the label of a St. Louis hat store in it. That settled the argument. Maxwell was taken into custody and later admitted his identity. Detectives Tracy, Badger and Tucker, all since dead, were sent to bring the culprit back. The trip cost more than \$1500. A bitter legal fight was waged for nearly two years in an effort to save Maxwell from the gallows, but it failed, and, August 10, 1888, he was hanged.

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## A Letter Solved Mystery.

Woman who purchased it back to the alteration department of the store, and back again to another woman, who identified it as a coat sold to Mrs. Belle Whittemore of New York. This work required about four days. The body was then identified by a sister of the slain woman and a man was arrested for the murder. The entire case was cleared through the braid on the coat.

The execution of Hans Schmidt, the unfrocked clergyman of New York, in the electric chair in the death house at Sing Sing Prison, adds another link to the chain of circumstances to which detectives the world over point to bear out their contention that "murder will out." Speak to the average detective of a mystery and he will laugh.

"Yes it is mysterious, but it will be cleared," will be the answer from nine out of ten of the men who enjoy fame and fortune for their ability to track evildoers and unravel mysteries, before which the average man would stand appalled. The detectives believe, and a perusal of the records in the big bureaus of the world prove the claim, that somewhere, somehow, the perpetrator of the crime, has left a trail to his identity and the solution of the matter only waits on them finding that tell-tale clew.

In many instances, and this has been true in some of the most notable tragedies that have engaged the attention of the world in the last half century, the clew which led to the arrest and conviction of the culprit came from the most insignificant things, which in all probability would have been overlooked by any but an experienced man-hunter.

The murder of Anna Aumüller, the crime for which Hans Schmidt paid the penalty with his life, was a typical crime of New York, but the barbarity of it caused a shudder even in New York, where unusual crimes for other parts of the world are not out of the ordinary. The dismembered body of the girl was found floating in the Hudson River opposite Wood-cliff, N. J. The head was never found and for a time it looked as though the New York police had a mystery which was more than "worthy of their steel."

From initials found on a pillow slip with which a portion of the body was wrapped, the police in ten days managed to identify the girl as a former maid in the rectory of St. Boniface's Church. Working from this foundation the police arrested Schmidt and later he made a complete confession of the crime. He first desired to plead guilty, but later changed his mind and an effort was made to show that he was insane. This failed.

St. Louis was the place on which three murder mysteries were unraveled that surprised the entire country. A letter, a gnarled root and a desire to give bond were the threads which led to a chain of evidence which sent two men to the gallows and a third to the Penitentiary for crimes which looked to be unfathomable.

It was a letter, written in an effort to throw the police from his trail, which sent Walter H. Lennox Maxwell to his death on the gallows for the murder of Arthur Preller. Both men were Englishmen and this, coupled with the crime, made it a matter of international importance.

Maxwell, whose right name was Hugh Mottram Brooks, was the ne'er-do-well scion of a well-to-do English family, and lived largely by his wits, posing as a physician with the aid of a medical diploma which he had himself drafted. His victim, Charles Arthur Preller, a wealthy English silk manufacturer and salesman, had befriended Maxwell, as he was known here, and it was this benevolence which resulted in his murder.

April 14, 1885, the body of an unidentified man was found in a trunk in a room at the old Southern Hotel. Later it was identified as Preller, and then it developed that Maxwell, with whom Preller shared his suite at the hotel, was missing. The police were convinced that Maxwell was the slayer, but where was Maxwell?

Clew after clew was followed down without result. Days lengthened into weeks and the police learned of a letter written in French and signed T. C. D'Augier, which had been left in a conspicuous place in the Palace Hotel at San Francisco. D'Augier, it was learned, had posed at the hotel as a military authority from France.

Investigation showed that D'Augier, the writer of the letter, which had given an intimation that Maxwell was in Boston, from which city he had come to St. Louis to meet the man he afterward slew, and Maxwell were one and the same. D'Augier, it was learned, had sailed from San Francisco April 12, 1885, on a steamer bound for Auckland, New Zealand.

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This aroused a storm of indignation. He accepted a parole and went to work for a man named Gillespie, who at that time ran a chain of saloons. A saloon was opened and a huge sign placed over the door on which was run the legend, "Lord Barrington's Buffet."

Barrington, dressed in evening clothes and a silk hat, promenaded up and down outside the bar. Thousands flocked to the place. Gillespie later dropped the lord and said that he had found him tampering with the cash register and that he believed he had designs on the life of Gillespie.

One night, while Barrington was in the bar, McCann, whom he was afterwards convicted of murdering, walked into the saloon. McCann bought the lord a drink and remarked: "I don't think they gave you a square deal Barrington, and I feel sorry for you, so here's fifty to tide you over."

McCann provided for Barrington in a hotel which he operated in the West End and after that Barrington and McCann were constant companions. At the races, theaters, saloons, billiard halls and other places Barrington was seen in company with McCann, who was footing all the bills.

One evening at the hotel Mrs. McCann complained of a headache and McCann and Barrington started for the drug store to get something to alleviate it. McCann never returned. Mrs. McCann reported the disappearance of her husband to the police.

Barrington was taken to headquarters, where he was cross-questioned without result. He told of a fight between a man, two women and McCann. Barrington said he attempted to aid McCann but was beaten into insensibility and, as he felt, he saw McCann enter the carriage and drive off. Police and reporters accompanied "the lord" to the scene. The grass was trampled and there were many footprints in the yielding ground, softened by a torrential rain of the preceding night.

Barrington was released, without having even been placed in a cell. The disappearance of McCann was a nine-day mystery and was then forgotten, save by the widow.

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Shoes a Clew to Identity.

light a series of wholesale murders in several cities, and which eventually sent "Monster Holmes," as he was known, to the gallows in Philadelphia. Under the name of H. H. Holmes, though he had a score of aliases, Holmes had bought a drug store. Before he had paid for it he sold it and as he was about to take a train he was taken into custody on a charge of disposing of mortgaged chattels.

Holmes was placed in jail and his cellmate was Marion Hedgepeth, a notorious train robber and bandit of that day. October 9, 1894, Hedgepeth sent word to the chief of police that he would like to have a conference with him. It was granted. Hedgepeth realized the Penitentiary for life was the best he could expect. It was agreed that if a sentence of twenty-five years was guaranteed him he would "turn up" to the police the greatest criminal monster of the age.

Holmes was at that moment on a train speeding for the East, having gained his liberty on a bond obtained through Hedgepeth. The revelations of Hedgepeth were given rapidly and in time to stop the train at East St. Louis. Holmes was taken into custody there and returned to St. Louis. Hedgepeth had informed the police that while in the cell with Holmes the latter had asked him to get a bondman for him and, in showing how he could readily give him a goodly sum for the favor, once he was at liberty, unfolded how he had killed people to get insurance which had been placed on their lives.

With the arrest of Holmes an investigation started the developments which shocked the world. Men, women and children had been slain by Holmes for insurance which he had placed on their lives. One entire family had been slain by him. His house in Chicago, known as "Holmes Castle," and the "House of Mystery," gave up much silent evidence of the crimes committed within its walls. Philadelphia had also been in the path of Holmes, and several murders had been committed there. How many persons met death at the hands of Holmes was never learned. It was variously estimated from a score to a hundred. Eventually Holmes was turned over to the Philadelphia authorities and hanged in the Jail yard there May 7, 1896. But for Marion Hedgepeth and the desire for bond there is no telling when he would have fallen into the clutches of the law.

Frederick Seymour Barrington, bogus English lord, owes his incarceration in the Penitentiary, where he is now serving life imprisonment for the murder of James McCann, wealthy racehorse man, to the gnarled root of a tree which held tenaciously to the mud-mired banks of an abandoned rock quarry.

Barrington became known as a private emissary of the English crown. He was wine, feted and dined. The lord had trouble in receiving his remittances and when he had borrowed money from several men and still had not received his remittance, an investigation started and the lord soon became a person of no consequence.

He finally took up his abode in a small boarding place. He continued posing as a lord, and after a short courtship married Miss Wilhelmina Cochrane of Kansas City. Miss Cochrane had a brother who was wiser in the ways of the world than she, and, believing her the victim of an impostor, kicked the bogus lord into the

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Body Held by Tree Root.

began to recede. One day the afternoon papers carried a four-line item to the effect the nude body of an unidentified man had been found in an abandoned quarry.

Gratiot Cabanne, a special officer, who had investigated the disappearance of McCann, saw the item. He hurried to the McCann home. The body, the foot of which had been caught in the crotch of a gnarled tree root, had been exposed by the receding water. It had been buried near the spot, but was exhumed and identified by Mrs. McCann as that of her husband. There were four bullet holes in the back of the head, and the face had been disfigured, evidently with a razor, in an effort to prevent any chance of identification.

After the identification Cabanne hurried to the McCann home, where the lord was still domiciled. There was an express wagon standing at the door, and as he entered he met Barrington and the expressman carrying Barrington's trunk downstairs. The lord was taken into custody and sent to the Mounted District Station. Later he was taken to Police Headquarters. As he left the patrol wagon a watch and ring which were later identified as the property of the murdered man, were found on the mud guards. Other property which was said to belong to McCann was found in the possession of Barrington.

Investigation resulted in showing that Barrington was an English criminal with a long record at Scotland Yards. Piece by piece the officers built up a case against him, and when he was tried a jury found him guilty of slaying McCann and fixed his punishment at death. Barrington contended that McCann still lived and that the identification was not complete. He also denied that he and "Burgoyne," as the English criminal was known, were one and the same. The telltale finger prints of Burgoyne, taken in Scotland Yards, and the ones of Barrington were identical, however.

Many aided with Barrington in the opinion that the identification of McCann's body by the widow was not sufficiently complete to warrant the state exacting Barrington's life, and Joseph Folk, then governor, commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. Detectives, however, are convinced that the body was that of McCann, who was never heard from.

The importance of the gnarled root is shown

Without an instant hesitation he said: "That's Pearl Bryan's shoe. She's the only girl in town with a foot that small."

The Bryan home was on the outskirts of the city. Dusk was falling when Detectives Cal Grim and Jack McDermott of the Cincinnati (Ohio) force, with half a dozen reporters from various metropolitan daily news-papers, knocked at the door. It was opened by a man of the sturdy farmer type, who little reckoned the harbinger of woe which was to greet him.

In answer to a question as to the whereabouts of his daughter, Pearl, he said, that she was in Indianapolis and that he had received a letter from her that morning. Then the garments which had been taken from the headless body in the Newport undertaking rooms were shown him, and he identified them as belonging to Pearl.

A sister of the murdered girl accompanied the officers back to Newport and made the identification of the body complete. The letter writer in Indianapolis, who had imitated the handwriting of the girl so as to deceive even her parents, proved to be a relative. Investigation revealed the country girl had loved well but not wisely a dapper city youth, Scott Jackson, a dental student, who had spent his vacation at the home of a sister in Green-castle.

When the country girl had appealed to him to aid her in her distress he induced her to come to Cincinnati, where she had met Alonzo Walling, another student and bosom chum of Jackson. Then the relative was drawn into the plot and he wrote the letters from Indianapolis indicating the girl was there on a visit to friends. Falling in their purpose to assist the girl, Jackson and Walling took her for a drive on the lonely Fort Thomas road and cut off her head.

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ORA LEWIS

## Wanted on Murder Charge.

by the intention of the murderer. He had thrown the body into the abandoned quarry after disfiguring the face.

The quarry was filled with flood water from the Missouri River. When it receded the body of the victim would float out into the river and be whirled away in the drifts and jetsam into the Mississippi.

But the gnarled root hidden by the murky flood waters clutched the foot of the slain man and exposed the crime.

Had the slayers of Pearl Bryan removed the shoes from her feet after they had cut off her head it is more than probable the murder of the little country girl would have gone unpunished and her decapitated body been consigned to the grave of an unknown in some cemetery or the Pottery Field. This was another crime which riveted national attention and for a time proved one of the most difficult that Cincinnati, Ohio, and Newport, Ky., officials ever grappled with.

It was a frosty fall morning in the early 90s that John Huck, a farmer boy, driving to market with a load of garden truck, discovered the body of a headless woman lying on the road almost under the guns of Fort Thomas, a military reservation near Newport, Ky. The head had been severed as though by the hand of a practiced surgeon, but otherwise the body was not mutilated.

The trunk was taken to an undertaker's in Newport, Ky., and during the next ten days thousands flocked to view the headless body in an effort to identify it. At that time it was estimated that in one day more than 10,000 persons from neighboring cities viewed the body.

It was toward the close of the second week when hope of ever identifying the body had about been abandoned that a shoe manufacturer out of idle curiosity followed the stream of humanity into the undertaking room where the body was still on view. His gaze riveted on the shoes.

"I made those shoes in my factory," he said to the undertaker, "and I believe the girl can be identified by them, as they are a style I have only been manufacturing a short time, I think."

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Initial on Pillow Slip a Clew.

A wire to the factory revealed that but two cases had been sold. One had been sold to a dealer in Indianapolis, Ind., and another to a dealer in Green-castle, Ind. Both trips are short ones from Newport.

The Indianapolis dealer had his case in reserve stock and it had not even been opened. At Green-castle three pairs had been sold. One of them had been charged, but who had purchased the other two pairs? A clerk in the store was shown one of the shoes taken from the headless body.

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